**A Smile on Your Face, Your Fingers Dripping Kerosene**

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# A Smile on Your Face, Your Fingers Dripping Kerosene

by dylan69

Summary

Will begins to fall ill with a mysterious sickness. As he begins to deteriorate, he runs right into the arms of Doctor Lecter, a man more than happy to care for him.

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Hannibal smiled, then reached over, placing a large, comforting hand between Will's shoulder blades, "Hush, little lamb, I'll make it better."

Will cried on, feeling something in his guts crumble. He leaned into Hannibal's touch for any relief as the man continued, "I'll make it all go away."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

# Chapter 1

Bile rose in Will's throat, nausea bubbling in the back of his mouth.

He gagged, vomiting into the BAU toilet. The world spun around Will as he retched, spewing green-yellow stomach acid into the bowl. It burned until he could feel a livid wound stretching from his lips to his abused stomach.

Will pulled himself up, resting his overheated forehead on the cool metal of the stall divider. His muscles felt weak as he clutched the toilet, the only thing keeping him from collapsing to the ground.

It was the third time he'd vomited like this in the last two weeks.

Will panted, spit into the bowl, and pulled himself up on shaky legs. He flushed the vomit away and moved to the sink, swishing water in his mouth to rid himself of the residual taste.

Will met his gaze in the mirror. He looked pale and wane, almost gray. Hot sweat gathered at his hairline. He wetted a paper towel and wiped himself down.

When Will stepped out of the bathroom, Alana was waiting outside, worry clear on her face. Will weakly smiled at her, then watched her recoil, her concern growing. Wrong move, Will thought.

"Are you feeling okay?" She asked.

Will tried to nod, then froze, his head swimming, "No, I guess not."

Alana pursed her lips, "What if it's a relapse?"

"I'm fine, it's just a stomach bug." Will assured her, "It doesn't feel anything like encephalitis, I promise."

"I'd still advise that you go to a doctor and get checked over."

Will held back a sigh, Alana had been incredibly kind when he was in the hospital for encephalitis, but she assumed he'd hidden the illness. The brain disease had progressed quickly and aggressively, causing terrifying hallucinations and disorientation. Alana refused to believe that the disease would have festered as long as it did if Will had been more upfront about his symptoms with her or Hannibal.

In reality, both Will and Hannibal had believed Will to be suffering from high levels of stress. It was only because the man helped Will get an MRI scan that they caught the disease.

Will owed the doctor his life.

Moreover, when Will was in the hospital, Hannibal had barely left Will's side. He brought the other man home cooked food, he comforted Will, and looked after his dogs. Hannibal did

everything for Will and was beaming the entire time. The doctor had also talked to Jack for him, keeping the man off of Will's back during the duration of his illness.

After Will recovered, he realized that he had a bit of a crush on his therapist. He felt a little like a teenager with the embarrassing way his stomach fluttered in the other man's company.

Will blinked back into awareness, "Yeah, I'll talk to a doctor."

Alana nodded, then reached up to touch Will's shoulder. Will yielded, smiling warmly at the woman. They'd become friends after Will's encephalitis. Without the romantic feelings or the forced distance between them, they came to have an easy camaraderie.

Unfortunately, her friendship came hand in hand with her worries about his health.

"I promise." He said, attempting to calm her.

She sighed then smiled, "I'll hold you to that. Now, do you want to get lunch?"

Will side eyed her with a grimace, causing her to laugh.

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Will drove home, pausing halfway to pull over and rest his head against the steering wheel. He almost never got carsick when he was driving, yet nausea still sat on his chest. Oddly enough, he felt rather paranoid as well. It was like someone had been following him as he drove. Will glanced at his rear view mirror and saw nothing but dark road. It was nothing, he thought.

The nausea was likely a stomach bug, Will told himself. Just because he had one serious, rare illness didn't mean that every virus was life threatening, Will reassured himself. He remembered how one of his doctors had warned him that he was immunocompromised, encephalitis was an autoimmune disease, meaning he'd get sick much more often.

He was fine, Will thought, getting out of his car and walking into his house. Yet, worry bubbled and burned in Will's aching gut. Dogs swirled around his legs, joyful and completely ignorant to Will's fear. Moreover, he couldn't stop feeling as if he was being watched.

The man sighed, petted the multitude of furry heads, and called Doctor Lecter. If anyone would be able to put Will at ease, it was that man.

The phone rang once, then the doctor picked up. "Hello." he said, his voice prompting Will to release a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Hey, sorry for bothering you so late."

"You are never a bother, dear Will, what is wrong?" Will's brow wrinkled, Hannibal's connection was weak and it sounded as if he was walking outside.

"It's the virus I was telling you about, but are you doing anything? I can call you later if you're busy."

“I was taking a short stroll through the woods.”

“That sounds nice.”

“It is very enjoyable. The park has some wonderful animals.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, there’s an adorable lamb I like to watch.”

“Really? I didn’t take you for a cute animal guy.” Will sagged against the wall, back to his window. The doctor’s mere voice calmed him.

Hannibal huffed, his version of a laugh, “I am not, generally, but something about the lamb warms my heart. The little thing is turned away from me currently, completely unaware that I am watching. I imagine its fur would be so soft to touch.”

“What is a lamb doing in the wild?”

The doctor sighed, “It was abandoned. The poor thing is all alone in the world. I see it skip meals far too often.”

Will made a sympathetic, wounded noise, thinking of the small animal, “Is there anything you can do?”

“Do not worry, I have plans to take the lamb in soon. But what of you, dear Will, are you alright? Have you skipped any meals?”

Will smiled at the comparison and then at the image of tall, dark, and serious Doctor Lecter holding a little lamb, “I might have, but I’ll get dinner right now.”

Will stood up and opened his fridge, picking out some lettuce and a tupperware of cooked fish. He threw his salad together in a large bowl, adding blue cheese dressing.

“You mentioned your virus, are you still feeling under the weather?”

Will sighed around his fork, he’d told the doctor about his illness at their last therapy session, “Yeah, and it hasn’t gotten better. I’m still throwing up frequently.”

“Have you been taking the medicine I gave you?’’

“With every meal.” Will said. He got out the vial of medicine and added two drops to a glass of water. “What is this stuff?” He asked, shaking the unlabeled bottle.

“It is a fever reducer, pain reliever, and anti-nausea medication. I got it from a colleague of mine, a pharmacist, who mixes it for me.”

“So you got this for me without a prescription?” Will asked, mouth quirking into a smile.

“I am willing to use my connections to care for you.”

Will laughed at that, “That is the smoothest way I’ve ever heard someone admit to something legally dubious. Don’t worry, doctor, your secret is safe with me.”

Will remembered how Hannibal had rubber stamped him during his first session and all the glasses of wine they shared during their ‘conversations’. He knew the man was willing to be loose with medical law, yet, instead of putting Will off, it made him feel closer to the doctor. Hannibal was willing to take unnecessary risks for Will’s wellbeing and happiness. It made Will feel fuzzy.

“Now, drink your medicine.” Hannibal said.

Will nodded, knowing the gesture wouldn’t transfer through the phone. He drank the glass of water, wincing slightly at the nasty taste.

“Good boy.” The doctor told Will, causing heat to pulse through him.

“It’s kind of gross.” Will took a bite of his salad to get the taste out of his mouth, “I’d be interested to know what you’d do if I came over to dinner. I can’t imagine you’d let me ruin one of your meals by covering my pallet with medication.”

“I believe I would serve you a full meal first, fill you and sate your hunger. Then, I’d serve you your medication with sugared grapefruit for dessert. The sweetness would counteract the bitterness.”

Will snorted, “Of course, you’d be able to pull something like that. Do you also have a wine pairing?”

“Do you need to ask?”

Will laughed, “I’ll let you go now. I’m nearly finished with my dinner and that medication always leaves me tired.”

“Rest well, although do not leave the call for my sake. I have nothing to do for the rest of the night aside from watching my lamb.”

Will grinned as he ended the call. He set his dishes in the sink to wash later, then fell back onto his pull-out mattress.

His stomach was filled with squirming butterflies as he thought about Doctor Lecter. Will slipped off his pants as he reminded himself that he had a meeting with Jack scheduled the next Monday to re-assign him to another psychiatrist. While he loathed the idea of being psychoanalyzed by someone else, he was sure Hannibal would never pursue a relationship with him if they were patient and doctor. The man was willing to bend typical medical ethics for him, but Will was sure the man would think he was using his position of power over Will if they were to date.. The doctor was so noble when it came to Will, he couldn’t see Hannibal being comfortable with even the idea that he might be taking advantage of Will.

The man really cared for him, in a way no one else ever had. Will’s dad had been emotionally absent for most of his childhood. He made sure Will had food in his stomach and clothes on

his back when he could, but otherwise he was a phantom in Will's memory. He'd had a series of romantic relationships, but all were short, leaving Will bereft. A parade of people who wanted his body or his brain, but never the entirety of him.

But Hannibal didn't treat Will like he was an inconvenience, but as something valuable.

Will grew warm thinking about how the man had called him 'boy' so casually over the phone. Will was a grown man, nearly thirty-seven years old, yet Hannibal made him feel small and protected.

He stroked his cock, hardening to its full length. Will grabbed a tube of lube and poured some on his hand. He moaned, back arching off the bed as he slipped two fingers into himself. Will began to open himself up, scissoring his fingers, when he had the aggressive feeling of being watched. He locked up, hole clenching around his digits, his head turning to the windows.

He stared, eyes fluttering over the unmoving trees. There was nothing there, he told himself, the dogs would react if someone was out there.

Will calmed himself, and then went back to jacking off. He added a third finger and quickly found his prostate. He jabbed at it, sending electricity up his spine and causing his cock to twitch.

Will moved his hand up and down his length, picturing Hannibal, his broad shoulders, the way he filled his slacks. Will had tried not to stare, but it was hard to avoid such a large bulge in the man's pants. He looked down at his own cock. He wasn't small by any standards, his six and a half inches had served him well, but he was filled with desire when he thought about how much bigger Hannibal would be.

The other man would overwhelm Will, subsume him with his size. Sweat gathered on Will's hairline. Hannibal would loom over Will and call him a good boy again. Heat spiked in Will's stomach, his thighs seizing.

Bright lights, almost like a camera flash, filled the room.

Will's eyes flew to the window, where he saw a figure in the woods as he came all over his hand.

He grabbed a flashlight and turned it on, pointing it outside. It illuminated the trees in Will's yard. There was nothing there.

Paranoia, it was just paranoia, Will told himself, nerves still running wild.

He reached for his pants, with the intent to put them on and go investigate, when a wave of nausea hit the back of his throat.

Will rushed to the bathroom while retching, figure completely forgotten.

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Several days passed and Will's health refused to improve. He took his medication dutifully, yet he still felt dizzy and nauseous. Will considered seeing a doctor, but he had faith in Hannibal. If something was really wrong with him, Doctor Lecter would know.

At his weekly therapy session, Hannibal had assured Will that he merely needed to wait the illness out. The doctor had laid Will down onto his chaise lounge and laid a cool, damp cloth over the smaller man's eyes while they talked. He'd prepared a dose of medicine for Will, telling him that a little extra wouldn't hurt.

Will had nodded off twenty minutes into their conversation. He'd woken up three hours later, embarrassed to see Doctor Lecter sitting on a leather chair across from him. The doctor was watching Will as he spluttered apologies.

He was silenced when the doctor said, "You have no need to worry. I told you in the hospital and I will tell you again, I enjoy taking care of you, I savor it. All I ask of you is that you lay back and accept it."

Will flushed. Hannibal was the perfect man, just when Will thought his crush couldn't get worse, he'd say something like that. Will met the doctor's eyes for a second, seeing a startlingly intense honesty. Not only was Hannibal telling the truth when he said he wanted to look after Will, the excessive care he'd already given Will was barely the tip of the iceberg.

Their shared peace in Doctor Lecter's office was shattered by Will's phone ringing. Will answered it quickly, then sat it down.

"It's the Ripper, or Jack thinks it might be."

Hannibal's face tightened, nearly imperceptible, "Is Uncle Jack aware you are feeling under the weather?"

Will shrugged and stood up, massaging his temples, "I can profile with a case of the sniffles."

The doctor drew close to Will, wrapping a hand around the back of the other man's neck, "He must learn to rely on you less. He has solved murdered without you before. At least allow me to drive you to the scene."

Will raised an eyebrow, yet leaned into the touch, "Yeah, okay, I'd appreciate that. I still feel a little shaky."

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The body had become a work of art.

It was a young man, *a young pig* The Ripper whispered in his ear, twenty-five at most.

He'd been stripped of all the skin on his torso, bowels draped over his spread arms. His upper chest had been hollowed out completely. The victim's head faced away from them, as his neck had been twisted 180 degrees.

Will stared, watching the body put itself together, then take itself apart under his hands. He was steady as he removed strips of skin, blood catching under his fingernails. He felt the resistance, then the snap, and subsequent give when he twisted the neck.

He sucked in a breath and shed the Ripper's skin, coming back to his own. The Ripper left sticky strings on his consciousness, never wanting to leave the inside of his skull. Will felt a little like he was spinning while standing still.

"The victim isn't important. This is a punishment, like all the other Ripper victims, but the message isn't directed at him. They had something valuable but didn't cherish it. They were blind, so he was able to steal what they should have treasured."

"So it is the Ripper then?" Jack asked, mouth a firm line.

Will nodded, lightly swaying.

"Who is the message for?"

"It's for us. He knew we'd find this body first. The impact of the work wouldn't be the same when shown through pictures so he couldn't have left it for anyone else. There's something, a treasure, we lost or that we will soon lose."

"Do you think he'll clarify more in the next bodies?"

"It depends if he takes it or not. He's not trying to get us to change, he's laughing in our faces before he rips the carpet out from under us. The thing he wants could be anything, a piece of tech, trophies of another killer, something from the lab." *A trainee.* The Ripper giggled, sitting on Will's back like a stone.

"There's something in here." Jimmy called out, reaching into the cadaver's chest cavity, and using two fingers to gently prompt out a blood coated flower.

Will, Jack, and Hannibal stepped forward, as Jimmy brushed some gore off the plant, revealing white and pink petals.

"It's a sweet William," Jimmy announced, "My mom used to grow them."

Will's mind raced, connections forming and spiraling. He stumbled backwards, head spinning, vision turning blurry and black at the edges. The flower, the figure in the woods, the flash of a camera, the pervasive feeling of being watched. The Ripper in his head laughed with joy as Will spun, clutching at him, fingers slotting between his ribs, pressing Will's flesh to sharp, inhuman teeth.

"The-the Ripper he-" Will cut himself off, gagging. A strong arm circled his back, steadying him as everything tilted under his feet. The world turned, rotating around Will as he clung to the arm.

Then his vision went black.

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Will peeled open his eyes, feeling as if his lids were attached to five pound weights. He was in a moving vehicle and he felt very car sick. His vision was blurry as he looked around at the fancy leather interior. Will turned his head, seeing his doctor driving the car.

“H-hannibal?”

The man glanced over, eyebrows knitted with concern, “Rest, dear Will, you need to conserve energy.”

Will felt weak, his head pounded, “What happened?” He felt as if his brain was melting, pressing to the back of his skull as the car moved.

“You passed out at a crime scene.”

Shame collided with the back of Will’s throat. At that moment, Hannibal turned around a corner, harsher then he normally drove.

Will’s head erupted with pain and bile filled his mouth. He hunched over, spewing vomit all over the fine, expensive Bently’s leather interior.

Will felt awful, humiliated and ashamed. Hannibal had done so much to care for him, and he threw up in the man’s car. Will weeped, tears flowing freely down his face. How could he do this to Hannibal, how could he ruin everything.

Snot ran from his nose, his cheeks flushed, as his body was wracked by sobs. He shook, “I’m s-sorry, I’m so sorry.”

Hannibal smiled, then reached over, placing a large, comforting hand between Will’s shoulder blades, “Hush, little lamb, I’ll make it better.”

Will cried on, feeling something in his guts crumble. He leaned into Hannibal’s touch for any relief as the man continued, “I’ll make it all go away.”

# Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's head swam as the car slowly came to a stop. After he'd thrown up, Hannibal had driven much more carefully. Will felt shame mount in his empty gut. The other man must be disgusted with him.

Will was disoriented enough that he didn't notice Hannibal exiting the car and opening the passenger door. He didn't realize that the man was beside him until the doctor reached across Will and unbuckled his seat belt.

The smaller man startled, his head screaming at him for the quick motion. Hannibal wordlessly slipped an arm behind Will, holding him up at his armpits, and pulled him out of the car.

They took a few steps before Will said, "I'm okay." He tried to pull away and felt his knees immediately buckle under his weight. He crumpled to the ground, pain erupting from his right ankle.

More tears bit at Will's eyes before escaping down his cheeks. His head ached, his ankle was on fire, his guts were howling in agony. Will let out a high, pathetic whimpering noise.

Hannibal stared down at him, head tilted like a hawk's, then scooped Will up into his arms. Will recoiled, clutching at the man's suit as everything spun.

"I am sorry, dear Will," Hannibal said, features tight, "You are in no state to walk. I should have carried you from the car."

"I'm a grown man, I-I can walk on my own."

Hannibal lifted a single eyebrow, "Forgive a lack of confidence in your current abilities."

Will scowled, then clenched his eyes closed as Hannibal shifted him into one arm. The doctor used his free hand to unlock and open the door.

Hannibal shushed the man he was carrying as he brought them upstairs. Will felt so safe in those arms, the only relief from his pain.

Hannibal took Will into the master bath and set him down onto the cool tile. Will's back pressed into the cabinet, the solidness of it all grounding him in place.

"Stay still until I can tend to you." Hannibal said, rolling up his sleeves and bending over Will to turn the knobs on the bath. He waited a moment, testing the water until he was satisfied. Hannibal kneeled between Will's legs and began to unbutton his shirt.

Will made a confused noise and Hannibal replied, “You need a bath to lower your fever, and you cannot take a bath clothed.”

Will stilled, letting Hannibal push the shirt off his shoulders and slide off his shoes, socks, pants, and underwear. “Good boy.” Hannibal murmured to Will, lifting him and placing him into the ice cold bath.

“I thought that cold baths were bad for fevers.” Will said as his teeth chattered, goosebumps erupting over his body.

Hannibal quirked an eyebrow, humor brushing his tone, “Which one of us is a doctor, dear Will?”

“You’re right, I trust you.” The smaller man submitted, shivering in the frigid water. Hannibal held Will’s leg up, resting the back of his calf on the lip of the clawfoot tub.

“I am going to test your ankle to check for injuries.” Hannibal announced, his steady voice causing Will to relax. He was safe as long as the doctor was here.

Hannibal gently felt up and down, squeezing. He paused after Will flinched, then tightened his grip. Will jerked back, unable to free his injured leg from Hannibal’s iron grip. Pain rippled up his leg, white hot and agonizing. He squirmed, freezing and suffering, unable to go anywhere. He was pinned, both by the doctor’s grip and by his cold, greedy gaze. Will was reminded of a bird of prey assessing a trapped mouse.

Embarrassment coursed through Will as his cock began to harden under Hannibal’s unrelenting stare.

“That hurts,” Will said.

Hannibal clenched his fist harder for a second, eyes wide, watching Will’s reaction. He then released the leg, “Do you feel any numbness or tingling?”

Will shook his head.

“You have a severely broken ankle. It must have twisted and shattered when you fell.”

Will used one of his hands to cover his crotch, “What should I do about it?”

“Please Will, use both hands to hold onto the sides of the tub, I do not want you to fall in.” Hannibal said, ignoring Will’s erection as he brushed the other man’s hand away, exposing his cock. Will flushed violently red. Hearing the man ignore Will’s hard-on when it was so obvious, caused mortification and heat to turn his insides to mush.

“You will need constant bedrest for a minimum of two months,” Hannibal continued, “You should not walk on your ankle at all.”

Will shakily smiled, “I don’t think I’ll be doing much other than laying in bed anyway after my performance at the Ripper’s latest kill.”

“Yes, Uncle Jack is rather put off with you right now for contaminating the crime scene.”

Will hung his head while the doctor continued, “I talked him down and convinced him to leave you be.”

Gratitude blossomed in Will’s chest, “Thank you.”

“Anything for my boy.” Hannibal said, brushing a hand through Will’s curls. Will felt arousal and subsequent shame pulse through him. After everything Hannibal had done to care for him, Will had to go and make it weird by interpreting his friendly gestures as something untoward.

“Do you believe you will be stable if I leave you for a moment? I need to set up a bed for you.”

Will nodded, “I still feel a little dizzy but I’m not going to pass out.” He blinked, remembering his last thoughts at the crime scene. Will surged forward and grabbed Hannibal’s wrist, “Wait, I need to tell you, the Ripper, he’s looking for me. We have ot tell Jack. That’s why he put the flower and he took the organs and…”

Will trailed off, eyes wide with concern as Hannibal looked at him like he was a plump little piece of prey below the claw of a hawk. Hannibal stroked Will’s hair, “Fear not, Jack and I came to that conclusion on our own. You have no need to go running off to Uncle Jack, telling him things he already knows. The BAU is on high alert, searching for the killer. You will be safe.” Will was hit by the feeling that Hannibal was lying about something, but he couldn’t tell what.

“Is the FBI going to send guards with me when I go home?”

Hannibal slipped his hand down and gripped Will’s jaw, forcing their eyes together, “You will not be going to your house. Not only are you incredibly ill, you have a broken ankle, and are being hunted by a killer. You will stay here.”

Will opened his mouth to argue and Hannibal’s grip tightened, silencing him. Will’s cock twitched.

“Will you be stable if I leave for a moment?” Hannibal asked again.

Will nodded as much as he could while Hannibal held him.

The doctor smiled, then left Will in the chill water.

What the hell was he doing, Will asked himself, goosebumps covering his skin. His erection began to flag without the doctor’s presence. He had responsibilities, he had his dogs, and he had his job. He couldn’t lay around Hannibal’s house, feeling ill. He should tell the doctor that he could recover on his own and that he’d be able to defend himself against the Ripper. Will had held his own before, he could do it again.

Will tried to sit up, but his arms shook and he slipped back into the cold water. He whimpered, water splashing over the side of the tub. The cold water left Will feeling

disoriented, slowing his already lagging mind.

Hannibal burst through the door, head whipping around the room, “Are you injured?”

“No, no, I’m alright, I just tried to get out.” Will said, the concern on Hannibal’s face bleeding to frustration.

“Why would you try to get out on your own? What if you had hit your head and slipped under the water? What if I had not been so close?” Hannibal said, “You could have died. I expect better of you, Will.”

The doctor scooped Will up, one arm below his knees and the other under his chest. “You are in no state to be attempting such things,” He continued, “I keep telling you that you must accept my care.”

Will hung his head in shame as Hannibal berated him. The larger man set Will down onto a plush mattress then began to pat him dry. Once he was no longer wet, Hannibal lifted the smaller man again and placed him on the other side of the bed, his back resting on a pile of pillows.

He sighed, “I am not upset with you, dear Will, merely worried.” Hannibal cupped Will’s cheek, the current tenderness contrasting the harshness of his previous hold, “Please, allow me to help you.”

Will leaned into the touch, “I’m sorry.”

Hannibal stood and retrieved a splint and a roll of bandages, “Will you allow me to wrap your ankle?”

Will nodded, biting his lip. “No, I’m really sorry. I was being a…” He trailed off as Hannibal gently lifted his foot to align the splint.

“A brat?” Hannibal offered, his eye twinkling, as he placed something hard and cold against the bottom of Will’s tibia.

Will turned his head, looking away, “Yeah, but all you’ve done is be kind to me and try to help me. I shouldn’t have.”

“All is forgiven, sweet boy.” Hannibal said, securing the strips of bandage, “Would you care for anything to eat?”

Will nodded, demure and thoroughly chastised into submission, as the doctor left.

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Hannibal re-entered the room, carrying a tray. He placed it on Will’s lap, the residual warmth grounding him. The tray was off white in color, bare except for a singular bowl of soup.

“Just a silkie chicken broth soup, but fluids will do you well.”

Will picked up the spoon, but his hand began to tremble, sending soup cascading off the sides. Hannibal covered Will’s hand with his larger one, “Allow me?”

Will looked down, then nodded.

Hannibal dipped the utensil into the broth. He lightly blew on the spoon until it was no longer steaming, then brought it to Will’s lips. The metal edge bit into his lower lip, pressure ever so slightly more than necessary.

Will couldn’t look at the other man’s face as he swallowed. The soup was light yet flavorful, layered, yet did not upset his stomach. “It’s good.”

Hannibal smiled, small and appreciative. He continued to feed Will, watching him. The man seemed to drink Will’s appearance, as if seeing Will in his home pleased him, as if watching the smaller man in his bed sated him the same way the soup sated Will.

“This is a nice room.” Will said, looking around at the lavish surroundings and trying to make conversation, “Is that samurai armor?”

“Yes it is, and this is my room, the master bedroom.” Hannibal replied, mixing Will a glass of medicine and holding it to his mouth. Will drained it all.

“Oh, do you want me to move?”

“You are not leaving.” Hannibal said, voice cold steel. The words rested between them, before Hannibal softened himself, “I want you where you are the most comfortable, which is right here. Is there anything you want?”

“No, you’ve done more than enough.”

Hannibal stared Will down, unrelenting. Will stared back, but found himself quickly breaking.

“I could use another pillow.” he said, giving in.

Hannibal took the tray and brought back five cushions, arranging them around Will’s body. Will yawed, flinching as Hannibal moved his limbs.

“D’you mind if I take a nap?” Will asked, shifting his shoulders to bury himself in the soft bedding.

“Please do.” Hannibal said. He moved to the corner of the room and sat down in an armchair, watching Will with wide eyes.

Will closed his eyes, then opened them after a moment, “Are you going to stay while I sleep?”

“Yes.”

“Would you mind leaving?” Will raised himself from the bed as much as he could before Hannibal could argue, “It’s not that I’m denying your care or acting self sacrificing here, I just have trouble sleeping if there are people in the room with me. I feel weird being watched.”

Hannibal’s eyes tightened. “If you wish.” He stood up, gaze still glued Will.

“I’m not trying to be petty or-” Will was cut off as Hannibal shut the door behind him. He felt a little like someone had dumped cold water on him, like he disappointed Hannibal somehow. Will slumped against the bed, sighing as his head pounded. He wasn’t trying to disappoint Hannibal. Nausea tumbled inside of him, a dull ache spreading from his guts to his bones, until the thought of moving caused even more agony.

He’d have to make it up to the doctor tomorrow, he thought, as he slipped into sleep.

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Will lazily turned his head. Skeletal trees broke out of the ground, surrounding him and becoming denser the further they were from him. A scant few beams of light caressed his nude body. His skin looked like alabaster, inhuman and glimmering, in comparison to the charcoal darkness. Out of the forest stretched an uncountable number of long, sharp claws. They reached towards Will, exploring his form.

Will thought he should scramble back, try to escape, but he had no desire to do so. The outline of the beast shined, the little light there was dancing off its form. Will’s mind was hazy, yet comfortable. Fear bumbled through his head, but it was distant, muted as if covered by a thick blanket.

The claws were cold, but not horribly so, as they moved up and down his ribs, feeling as if someone was dragging knives across his skin without cutting. They moved further down and Will lightly bucked in their hold, imagining how good it would feel to have them inside of him, the cool touch soothing his burning body. Yet, the claws did not breach him, instead pressing his hips down onto the forest floor and moving up.

The hands surrounded Will’s head, forming a cage of sharp fingers. Will caught a glance of the full creature, gaunt and tall with a rack of antlers much larger than that of a deer. He should have been scared, terrified of its intentions. Instead, Will whined, trying to lift his ass in order to present himself for it.

It let out a quite tittering sound, an almost-laugh, the same noise that occupied Will’s mind when he wore the Ripper’s skin. Will’s gasp of shock turned into a low moan.

Two claws entered his parted lips, exploring his mouth. The rock hard tips of the creature’s fingers caressed the back of his teeth, fondling his tongue. It petted the inside of his cheek, warm, slick flesh, touched by hard, cold keratin.

If the creature twisted its wrist a little it would pierce through his face. It could shred his flesh like tissue paper, and that turned Will on. His cock grew hard as the claws plunged deeper, sliding into his throat.

Will suckled on the fingers, his tongue licking at their underside. He moaned, only to be rewarded by that tittering noise once more.

The claws moved further, bumping and tearing at the back of Will's throat. Blood cascading, hot and salty, as he sucked harder around the claws.

Blood began to pour faster as the claws tore more of him, faster than Will could swallow. It bubbled up, coating his destroyed tongue, filling his mouth, suffocating him.

---

There were hands on him, hurried, panicked hands. He couldn't see, his eyes stuck closed. He was spinning, his body moving without his control. He couldn't breathe, his throat and his mouth filled with foul, burning *something*.

Will's right eye burst open, dried sleep still holding the other closed. He retched as Hannibal held him over the side of the bed. Vomit splattered the carpet, Will's chest heaved, feeling his guts cramp with pain. His throat seized, waves of bitter bile forcing it open.

Once he emptied the contents of his stomach onto the ground, Hannibal stroked his head, "Are you alright?"

"I-I'm sorry I ruined your carpet." Will said, horrified by the vomit staining the undeniably expensive rug.

"Do not fret, please." Hannibal said, brushing Will's hair back, "Are you still nauseous?"

"No." Will said. Hannibal rolled him back onto the bed and scooped him up. He cradled Will, trying to keep him from shifting. Will groaned, stomach clenching on nothing. Vomit grew tacky on his face and sweaty hair clung to his forehead as Hannibal brought Will to the bathroom and sat him on the closed toilet seat.

Will slumped while Hannibal grabbed a small, damp towel, and began to wipe down the other man's face. He took care not to move Will. Concern creased his face, weighting his eyebrows down.

"What happened?" Will asked, voice shaking.

"You vomited in your sleep and nearly choked on it." Hannibal sighed, tilting Will's face so their eyes would meet, causing Will's world to spin, "I am so sorry, dear Will. I should have never left you alone. You nearly died." Hannibal hung his head, "I hope you can forgive me."

"No, Hannibal, it was my fault. I insisted you leave. I-I should have just listened to you."

Hannibal said nothing, giving Will's face a second pass with the rag. Will marinated in guilt. He ruined a beautiful rug and he made Hannibal feel awful. The man had been so kind to Will, yet he kept fucking up.

"Can I brush my teeth?" Will asked, timidly.

Hannibal nodded, and handed him a toothbrush with paste on it. Will took it, gripping it tight so his shaking hand wouldn't drop it. He stood up, leaning over the sink counter while Hannibal held his hips so he wouldn't fall. His warm, steady hands spanned from the small of Will's back, where his thumb rested, to his hip bones. Will felt like his clammy skin would melt under the touch.

Will cleaned his mouth, moving in small circles to rid himself of the awful taste. He stared at himself in the mirror as he spit, disgusted by what he saw. His reflection was pale, washed out and shining with sweat. Will began to scrub his tongue when he paused. He opened his mouth wide, noticing that there appeared to be scratch marks on the back of his throat. Will wondered what could have caused them when Doctor Lecter suddenly spoke, "I believe you should get back to bed soon."

Will dismissed the scratches and washed out his mouth, "Yeah, that's a good idea."

As Hannibal set Will back into the king bed, Will realized there was still a puddle of bile on the floor, "Can I help you clean that up? I'm so sorry about your carpet."

Hannibal fluffed the pillows under Will's head as exhaustion nagged at him, "Dear Will, stop apologizing. You had no control over your illness and must not blame yourself for it. Rugs can be replaced, your health is much more important. I'll dispose of the rug, then I'll come to rest with you, to make sure you do not have another accident."

Will blushed at the man's wording, shame coloring his cheeks. Nonetheless, he nodded along. He'd seen what putting up a fight had done to him.

Silence rested between them while Hannibal folded the rug and took it to be thrown away. He washed the floor with a wet rag, on his hands and knees. Will wanted to get up, to clean it for the man. It felt fundamentally *wrong* to see Hannibal there. He tried to move, but found his limbs married to the bed, each feeling as though they weighed several hundred pounds.

Hannibal put away the cleaning supplies and brought back a glass of water as two pills, "Take some medicine and the sleeping pills I have given you."

Will *knew* you shouldn't take sleeping pills while nauseous. He heard his dad warning him about choking in his sleep. But he wasn't with his absent father, he was here, with Hannibal, who cared for him. Hannibal was a doctor and knew what was best for him.

Will downed the pills, obeying the command without a fight.

Chapter End Notes

> okay i dont think is should have to say this, but none of this fic is medical advice. its anti-medical advice really. cold baths ARE bad for fevers, this is NOT how you find a broken ankle, DONT give sleeping pills to someone whos nauseous.

also. hannibal is kind of a bitch and guilts will a lot, but this wont be constant. hes just got to get will malleable enough to listen >:-)

# Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will groaned, rubbing his face as he woke up. He lifted his arm and felt something tug at it. His vision was fuzzy as he looked and saw an IV tube sticking out of his elbow. An arm laid over his middle and a warm body pressed against him.

“How are you feeling?” Hannibal asked, his voice a low rumble, adjusting himself. He held Will’s body to his own, cuddling him.

“Disoriented but alright. How long was I out?”

“Merely a few hours.”

Will snorted, “I assumed those sleeping pills you gave me would be stronger than that.”

Hannibal sat up suddenly, pressing the back of his hand to Will’s forehead. His brow wrinkled with clear concern, “I haven't given you sleeping pills in almost a week. What is the last thing you remember?”

Will’s shoulders tensed, “You gave me a cold bath and took me to bed. Then you gave me sleeping pills.”

“That was nearly two weeks ago, dear Will.”

“Two weeks ago…” Will shot up, only to be pressed back down by Hannibal, “What do you mean two weeks ago? That was last night, that happened last *night*.”

“Please, Will, calm-”

“I can’t calm down, I’m losing time again, I-”

Hannibal spread his hand across Will’s collarbone and held him down to the pillows, his other grabbing Will’s jaw. “Calm.” He commanded, “You will be alright.”

Will’s eyes flicked around, his heart racing like a rabbit in an owl’s sightline.

“Will, are you listening?”

“Y-yes.”

“You will be alright. For the past two weeks you have had a few moments of lost time, but nothing as major as this. Nonetheless, we will find the cause of this, and you will be alright. Understand?”

Will’s chest heaved, “Yes.”

“I need to change your bag, will you be calm while I do that? I do not want you to knock out your IV.”

Will nodded, allowing Hannibal to do what he needed to do. Fear still broiled inside Will, discomforted by the gaps in his memory. It reminded him too much of the encephalitis that nearly killed him.

“You wouldn’t let this hurt me, would you?” Will asked, voice shaky.

Hannibal paused, IV bag in his hand, “Of course not. You are in my care, dear Will, you will not die.”

Will sagged against the bed, comforted. Hannibal finished, then sat down on the other side of the bed. He ran two fingers down Will’s cheek, “Rest now.”

---

Time blurred for Will, his mind felt like a wet painting someone pulled their hand across, smearing the paint into an unrecognizable mess. Reality melted, pulling Will underwater, so deep he no longer understood what was up or down.

The walls of the room moved and melted, stretching endlessly upward. The paintings seemed to dance, the figures within them walking in and out of the frame.

A mouse slipped out from under Will’s bedsheets, its small, quivering head dominated by large, black eyes. It squeaked, trying to bury itself under the blanket. Will’s head lolled to the side to watch as the rodent was unable to hide itself. An owl swooped at the mouse, its quick motion ruffling Will’s hair.

Will could feel how the mouse’s heart raced in his own chest, its blood pounded in his ears. A second bird joined the first, diving towards the rodent while it ran.

Will stared, afraid for the mouse, yet he did not move. The mouse stumbled, a claw scraping against its exposed side, when a much larger hawk screeched. It latched onto the side of a smaller bird, tearing into it. The hawk twisted, ripping at the other owl, sending viscera splattering over Will’s lap and face.

The hawk dropped the dead birds and moved towards the mouse. The rodent was frozen in fear, cowering, as the hawk lifted it into its beak and held it. It didn’t bite down, content to keep the mouse paralyzed in its grasp.

It began to take off, spreading its wings, when the hawk was plucked out of the air by the long, black claws of the antler creature. The monster stabbed through the bird, piercing it through multiple times. Will flinched, steaming, hot blood dotting his cheekbones. The antler-thing picked up the shaking mouse and ate the hawk.

It petted the terrified animal while Will looked up at its face, “Hello.”

The creature smiled, needle-like teeth interwoven with feathers and gore, two of its claws tracing the spine of the mouse.

“Hello to you too, dear Will.” Hannibal said, entering the room, holding a tray with a tea set.

Will startled, then turned to where the antler creature was, realizing the space was now absent. Hannibal set the tea set down. He poured a cup while Will watched the wilted, brown mushrooms float in the hot water.

“You’ve been giving me this tea for the past few days, but what’s in it?” Will asked, wrinkling his nose as he sipped it.

Hannibal’s mouth curled into a small smile. Will knew that face, he groaned, “Did I ask you that already?”

“You ask me every time I serve you the tea,” Hannibal said while Will scowled, unhappy at his faulty memory, “Yet, I am happy to repeat myself. This is a mushroom tea with a number of medicinal benefits. It’s very good for hydration.”

Will nodded, drinking in the warm liquid, “It makes me feel a little funny.”

Hannibal stared at Will with open eyes, smile broad across his face, “It can have that effect, yes.”

---

Will slipped between sleeping and wakefulness. The antler monster from Will’s dream sat on the bed next to him. It liked to stroke Will’s head, looming over him. Terror and comfort married themselves in Will’s gut. Sometimes the creature held Will’s mouth open to rub his tongue with its claws.

On occasion, it appeared when Hannibal was in the room. It would sit in the corners behind the doctor, watching Will as eagerly as Hannibal did. Mostly, it kept Will company when he was alone, when he wasn’t sure if he was dreaming or not. The antler monster would wander around, distorting the shadows, its chittering laugh filling the space.

Will felt heat run through his body as the creature stared at him. Its claw raked down Will, tracing from his Adam’s apple, down the center of his chest, to the v of his hips. Will shivered under the touch, imagining how the same claw could vivisect him. His cock stiffened as he thought of the creature splitting him, fondling his guts.

His hips raised, grinding into the air, as he imagined the sensation of the creature touching his prostate inside and out.

Its fingers were so long, its body so thin, it could likely slip its arm down Will’s throat to its elbow. Will could imagine his throat clenching around the limb while the creature reached down and did the same thing to Will’s ass. It could stretch Will, explore every inch of his exposed insides, until its fingers met in the middle of Will’s guts. They would both be able to see how Will’s intestines distorted and strained with the intrusion, how deeply Will was filled with the creature. The pain-pleasure-disgust-ecstasy of it titillated Will.

Will blinked, and was brought back to reality, where his organs were still hidden under a layer of unbroken skin. He was slightly disappointed.

The antler monster leaned over and combed through Will's hair as his hard cock bobbed. He wanted to jack himself off, but his limbs stuck to the bed. Will whined, bucking into the air, looking up at the creature, praying for its cold touch.

It chittered at Will and leaned in, nipping at his collarbone. It was a sharp, clean pain, and it was enough to send Will into a spasming orgasm.

The clicking, alien laughter dissolved into a more human sound. Will peeled his eyes open and realized that Hannibal was standing at his bedside. He startled as he noticed there was cooling cum splattered across his stomach. Embarrassment shuttered through Will as he tried to cover himself, only to be hit by waves of nausea as he tried to move.

Hannibal laughed at Will's antics, then held him down to the bed, "Stay still, little lamb."

Will spluttered but yielded to the doctor's touch. The larger man began to wipe Will down with a warm, damp rag. He cleaned the cum with a professional touch, in long, gentle stokes. Will's face burned with shame as Hannibal lifted his spent cock to wipe around the base.

His eyes glued themselves to anywhere but the doctor's face as Hannibal fondled his balls with the hand towel. Shame choked Will as he grew hard yet again.

"I-I'm sorry-"

"Do not worry, it is a perfectly normal response." Hannibal said, continuing his ministrations, "I was a doctor, dear Will, this is nothing I have not seen before."

Will bit back a moan as Hannibal formed a loose fist around the smaller man's shaft, "Can I do something for you, Will?"

Will shuttered, panting, "I-I'm fine."

"You do not look fine." Hannibal said, eyeing Will's hard cock.

"My hard-on will go down on its own." Will said, mortified.

"There is nothing wrong with needing help, dear Will. You are an adult man, an active sex drive is healthy." Hannibal smiled down at Will, a predatory glimmer in his eye, "Do you require my help?"

Will let out a pathetic whimper, "Y-yes."

"What do you need me to do?"

Will's mouth locked up, almost unable to voice what he wanted, what he desired.

"Will, I cannot help you if you do not tell me what you need."

“Please, please help me get off.”

The doctor rubbed the cloth over the head of Will’s cock, smiling as he prompted Will into a second orgasm. Will’s breath caught, muscles tensing then relaxing. “Hannibal, I’m so sorry-”

“Will,” Hannibal cleaned up more cum, then used his other hand to grab Will’s chin, “This is a perfectly normal reaction to have. Simply lie back and allow me to care for you.”

Will nodded, still blushing. Ashamed as he was, he let his body go limp and allowed Hannibal to take control.

---

Illness laid on Will’s chest like a suffocating pressure. Nausea and headaches danced around Will, as consistent a companion as the antler creature. It pinned him to the bed, turning his limbs to lead and making his head spin.

Even the smallest motion was enough to send him retching, vomiting the contents of his stomach into one of the trashcans Hannibal had supplied him.

So, Will had submitted himself to resting, all day every day, and allowing Hannibal to do everything for him.

The wonderful doctor did so much to care for him. Hannibal fed Will, dressed him, tended to his wounds, and even bathed him. Hannibal would lift him and cradle him into the bathroom, where he’d set Will into the tub. He’d stroke and clean every inch of the smaller man, so thoroughly Will didn’t have to move a muscle.

Will complained of his weakness to Hannibal, only to find his worries cooed at. Hannibal assured Will that he was more than willing to tend to him.

---

Hannibal was so kind, Will thought, as the doctor held a piece of buttered bread to his lips. Will bit into it, chewing. The illness had made Will’s hands too shaky to hold most things without making a mess, so Hannibal spared them both the indignity of Will smearing food across his face and took to feeding Will by hand.

The doctor kept Will so well fed that he was never hungry. If Will wasn’t so unsure of his grip on time, he’d assume the doctor was feeding him more than three times a day, based on how stuffed his stomach was.

“Why did you get into cooking?” Will asked as Hannibal stoked butter across another piece of warm bread.

Hannibal considered Will. Will could see the cogs in his head turning, he could see the man paging through his mental filing cabinet, looking for the correct answer. Whatever the truth was, it was a crack in Hannibal’s armor.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to. I realize you’re a private person.”

Hannibal lifted the slice of fresh baguette to Will’s, allowing him to bite into it, “I began cooking at age thirteen. The orphanage I spent my teen years at had a lacking staff, and I picked up the skill in order to stay fed.”

Will swallowed and took another bite. His eyes traced over the doctor’s hands. They were calloused yet soft.

“I suppose I gained my interest in cooking earlier.” Hannibal continued, “Before the orphanage, my younger sister starved to death. We had nothing to eat, whether I could cook it or not, but the residual guilt drove me to pursue the art regardless.”

“That’s why you’re so insistent on feeding me.” Will offered.

Hannibal nodded, “Your illness reminds me of hers. It…” The doctor paused, uncomfortable with the directness of the conversation, “calms me to assure that you are fed and cared for.”

Will ate the rest of the bread and soup, even if his stomach ached will fullness. He then smiled up at the doctor, “I have a massive appetite and appreciate the delicious food.”

Hannibal smiled back and kissed the crown of his head. Will felt the plates of Hannibal’s armor slide closed around him, as if something of him was being incorporated into the vulnerability he’d shown. It caused something in Will’s chest to flutter, sending his crush into overdrive. He was attracted to the idea of Hannibal when he was an impervious pillar of strength, but he found himself genuinely in love with the reality of the man.

---

Will woke to a cool scrape across his face. His eyes cracked open, expecting to see the antler monster caressing him. Instead, he was greeted by Hannibal, looming over him, dragging a straight razor over his face.

He startled, pulling back, causing Hannibal to whip the razor away to avoid cutting him.

“Did I hurt you, Will?” Hannibal asked, tilting Will’s jaw to look for any injuries.

“No, but what are you doing?”

Hannibal gave Will a questioning look, “I am shaving you.”

Will huffed, then realized how disoriented he’d been as of late. Hannibal likely assumed Will didn’t understand what the action was, “I-I know that. I mean why.”

“You asked me to do so. You said it was unpleasant to have vomit stuck in your beard.”

Will’s jaw tightened with fear, “I don’t remember that.”

Hannibal sighed and continued to shave Will’s face, “You will remember soon. Your memory comes and goes.”

Will slipped into Hannibal's grasp, allowing the doctor to fully support the weight of his head, "Alright." He trusted Hannibal to remember what he did not.

---

"Here, Jack, you are now on speaker phone. Now, Will has been struggling with coherency. The fever has been scrambling his mind." Hannibal said, stepping into the room and bringing Will into awareness.

"Will, how are you?" Jack's voice was distant, a little difficult to hear, as it emanated from Hannibal's phone.

Will's mind sparked, puzzle pieces trying to place themselves together as he fought to break the surface. There was something he needed to tell Jack, something important, "Jack, the Ripper- he's trying to, he's *going* to-"

Hannibal placed a hand on Will's head and pressed down, until his chin dug into his chest, making it impossible to speak. "Hush," the doctor said, before turning to Jack, "Do you hear how your call has made him react?

"I understand," Jack said, sounding morose, "I never wanted to push him that hard. I just want to assure that he is okay."

"Whether you wanted to or not, you *have*. You pressured and used him until he panics when hearing your voice, still trying to cough up information for your cases as he lays ill. You have once again done irreparable damage in your quest to capture killers. Do not contact him again."

There was a beat of silence, "Okay, just, tell Will I never wanted him to get hurt."

Hannibal's thumb hit the 'end call' button without answering. He sighed, petting Will's head, "I'm sorry, dear lamb, that must have been distressing."

Will whined, trying and failing to word his thoughts. He wanted to talk to Jack, wanted to tell him about the Ripper, to make sure the other man knew.

"You have no need to concern yourself with the BAU any longer." Hannibal assured Will, patting his curls twice, then left Will.

---

The antler monster was absent and Will was thirsty. He was kept hydrated by his IV, but his throat was dry. Will sipped the last water out of a glass Hannibal had given him, then decided to refill it.

Will pulled himself up, placing his bare feet on the ground. He tested his legs, making sure they could support his weight. His ankle felt fine. Hannibal had said it would take months to heal, a thought that disturbed Will. He felt as if he'd never damaged his leg, and while he didn't think two months had passed, his grip on time had been so loose as of late.
Will walked, shaking, but still upright. He leaned on the IV pole as he headed to the

bathroom. Once inside, he set the glass into the sink and turned on the water. While it filled, he looked into the mirror.

He blinked, then leaned in. He looked much better than he assumed he would. While in the past, he'd looked like a corpse, he now looked shockingly alive. His cheeks had filled out and his body had finally lost the vaguely starved look he'd never been able to shake. He looked so much younger without his beard. Will ran a hand through his hair, it had grown out, yet it seemed to shine. He dragged his hand down his neck, then paused.

There was an odd bump on his neck, too large to be acne, too hard to be natural.

The glass of water overflowed while the faucet roared. Will stretched, the bump becoming more visible as he shifted. He pinched it and felt whatever was under his skin roll a little.

Fear clogged Will's throat. His fingers began to dig at the bulge, nails biting into his skin. Water completely filled the skin, beginning to flow over the edge of the counter. Will dug at his skin, his breath shallow and damp. His nails sliced into flesh, splattering blood. His muscles screamed, unhappy at his self inflicted injuries.

Water pooled around Will's feet as blood dripped down his shoulder. He pulled his hand back to reveal a rice-sized little machine. It was still coated in Will's blood, but he recognized it.

It was a microchip.

The same kind Will had placed in his dogs. Nausea collided with the back of his throat. Something was wrong, something was *really* wrong.

He turned, immediately slipping on the puddles of water. He collided with the ground, pain shooting up his bones. Will scrambled up, fingers gripping at the tiles as he launched himself up and out of the room.

His mind raced, fear clouding his rational mind. He had to get out, he had to get to Hannibal, he had to understand what was going on.

Will skidded and collided with a wall. He sprinted downstairs and through the foyer when he saw the doctor, looming in the doorway.

"Hannibal, there's something-" Hannibal grabbed Will, cutting him off, hands rough and grip tight. Will spluttered, "There's something wrong-"

"Why did you leave the bed?" The taller man asked, lifting Will off his feet. His eyes sparked with fury.

Will saw antlers emerging from Hannibal's skull, and everything clicked into place.

He tore back, using all of his strength to buck in Hannibal's hold. Yet, it wasn't enough. The doctor didn't budge, instead, he folded Will into his chest. His arms felt like a steel vice around Will, unmoving, unyielding, and crushing.

"Hush, dear Will, and wade into the quiet of the stream." He purred.

Will felt a pinch on the other side of his neck and the world went black.

Chapter End Notes

we are gaslighting will graham!!! we are having so much fun <3

thank u SO much to my beta reader theo, and thank u to all the comments and kudos. yall make me so happy

# Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Can I talk to Jack? I want to know how the Ripper investigation is going.” Will asked. He remembered wanting to say something to Jack, a faded memory pressed against the back of his tongue. He couldn’t quite recall what it was, and assumed it had to do with the most recent murder.

Hannibal’s forehead creased, tone gentle, “Are you sure you would like to talk to him? I spoke with Uncle Jack recently and he was furious with you. He nearly shouted down a nurse when he found he couldn’t get you back to work yet.”

Will’s heart dropped, feeling worthless. He then paused, “A nurse?”

Hannibal tilted his head, “Yes, Nurse Elizabeth, if I remember correctly.”

“Who is Nurse Elizabeth?”

Hannibal stoked Will’s head as he sat on the side of the bed, “She’s the blond woman who takes your vitals and brings you lunch. She’s very fond of you, she says you’re her favorite patient.”

Will’s stomach felt like ice, panic laced through his mind. He couldn’t feel his fingertips as fear ran through his veins, “*You* bring me lunch and take my vitals. There aren't any nurses in your house.”

Concern grew on Hannibal’s face, “Will, tell me where you are.”

“I’m in your house, in your bedroom.” Will felt his chest growing tight, like a twine was being wrapped around his lungs.

“Will,” Hannibal said, holding one of the other man’s hands between his own, stroking the bones in his wrist, “you are in the hospital. You’ve been in the hospital for over a month now.”

“No,” Will said, trashing in Hannibal’s grip. He could barely breathe, panic causing him to gasp, “No, I’m in your house. I have to be in your house, I’m in your room right now- I see it. I’m in your bed.”

Hannibal grasped both of Will’s arms in one hand. Will tried to fight it, to get free, but he found himself impossibly weak. “Will, steady yourself. While this is distressing, hallucinations and disorientation are not unheard of. I am here to ground you. I will always be here to ground you.”

The doctor held Will, murmuring to him where he was until Will felt grounded once more. Will then pushed back, mind reeling, and launched himself at Hannibal. He captured the

doctor's mouth with his own, pressing them together. Will moaned as Hannibal's lips forced his open, the larger man's tongue licking at the inside of his mouth.

Hannibal grabbed Will's shoulders and pulled him back, "Will, we cannot."

Will wilted in the doctor's hold, while Hannibal continued, "You are startled and clutching for balance. While I admit to having feelings for you-"

"You have *feelings* for me?" Will asked.

"I cannot indulge them and take advantage of you." Hannibal concluded, resigned.

"Hannibal, you're not taking advantage of me at all." Will insisted. He nearly swooned thinking about how what a gentleman he was, how noble the doctor acted, denying his own wants for Will's best interest.

"Dear Will," Hannibal brushed some of Will's curls behind his ear, "I fear I am. In your vulnerable state, you may be absorbing my own feelings and imaging them to be your own. I cannot risk it. I will not have you doing something you may regret in a clutch for balance."

"I had feelings for you before this." Will blurted out, freezing both Will and Hannibal in their place. Hannibal tilted his head.

After a beat of silence, Will continued, "I've had feelings for you for several months. This isn't anything new."

Hannibal held Will, staring at him. A smile bent Hannibal's mouth, sincere and pleased. The doctor brough Will forward and kissed him again, lips closed. Will threw an arm around Hannibal's shoulders, resting their foreheads together, sinking into the doctor's strength.

---

"Will," Hannibal said, bringing the smaller man into blurry awareness, "I need you to breathe in, deep as you can."

Will looked around, nearly blinded by bright lights. He was laying on something hard and cold, positioned on his side with one arm above his head. Something plastic covered the lower half of his face. Will's eyes flashed wide as he tried to move.

Hannibal pressed Will down, "Hush, calm, dear Will. Breathe deep for me."

Will caught Hannibal's eyes and obeyed, sucking down as much plastic-smelling air as his eyes grew too heavy to keep open.

---

Will grunted as he was carried upstairs. His mind was a blur, consciousness smearing in and out of partial clarity.

"H'nnibal?" Will slurred, staring up at the man who held him.

“Good morning.” He said, “You may be at a bit of a loss, but I have just brought you home from the hospital. It was a little early, but you were adamant about coming home as soon as you could after your surgery.”

Will’s mind bumbled in his skull, trying to remember what surgery he’d had. When he couldn’t remember, he resolved to ask Hannibal later. He responded to the man as he pressed his face into Hannibal’s firm chest, “B’tter food.”

Hannibal breathed out through his nose in good humor, “Yes, I do make better food than the hospital.”

A single one of the antler creature’s claws brushed a lock of Will’s hair behind his ear, and Will lost sense of the world.

---

Now, anytime Hannibal entered Will’s room, he greeted the smaller man with a kiss. They pressed their lips together, chast and sweet. It was charming and made Will’s heart skip a beat, yet it wasn’t what Will needed.

Will felt like a pervert, but he wanted more. He wanted Hannibal to touch him. The doctor still remained clinical in his movements, acting as if Will was still a patient outside of their kisses.

Hannibal fed Will the last bite of lobster bisque and pressed his lips to Will’s forehead. He stayed there, his breath dancing across Will’s hairline.

“What are you doing?” Will asked, a smile on his face.

“Checking your temperature.” Hannibal responded. Will could feel his smirk against his skin.

“With your mouth?”

“It is by far the most accurate way to do so.”

Will laughed and leaned his head back, kissing Hannibal, “Actually, I wanted to talk to you about something.”

Hannibal hummed, “Is something wrong? Do you regret our relations? Have I moved too fast with you?”

“N-no, Hannibal, it's been amazing, everything has been *amazing*. You haven’t moved too fast, in fact, everything has been a bit slow.” Hannibal stared Will down as he continued, “I wanted to see if you wanted to take the next step in our…” Will trailed off, blushing, “in our relationship.”

Hannibal still stared at him, waiting for him to continue.

“I want to have sex with you.” Will blurted out.

Hannibal blinked at him. Will imagined curling into a ball and shriveling up.

“Dear Will…”

“If you don’t want to have sex that’s fine. If you’re not attracted to me or want to wait-”

Hannibal cut Will off with a kiss, “Hush, dear Will, I want nothing more than to have sex with you.” Hunger was plain in his eyes, threatening to swallow Will whole, “But, I cannot do so in good faith. While I accept that you may want something from me, your current illness, in combination with the medications you are on, may be blurring your mind.”

Will huffed and considered the larger man. He often had the feeling Hannibal was hiding something from him. Will felt like a mouse being batted around by a cat. Yet, at this moment, Hannibal was uniquely genuine. While Hannibal obviously had something larger he was playing at, the man had no desire to take advantage of Will, sexually.

Will reached up and held Hannibal’s face with both his hands. He squished the doctor’s cheeks, “I am saying this with the most clear mind possible, if you don’t fuck me I’m going to go insane.”

Hannibal breathed out through his nose and pressed forward, his much larger body covering Will. Will leaned up and kissed Hannibal, nipping at the doctor’s bottom lip. Hannibal kissed back, savoring the smaller man. He gently moved Will’s air tube out of the way, taking a break from kissing him to make sure the oxygen cannula wasn’t going to be knocked out in their fervor.

Hannibal’s fingers pressed into Will’s perineum, forcing a moan out of Will. His knuckles massaged over Will’s closed hole, while his other hand jerked up and down Will’s cock.

“W-wait, I want something more.”

Hannibal smiled and drew back. He ran his hands along Will’s smooth thighs, pressing them together. Will’s mind caught for a moment, wondering where his leg hair had gone, before he was ripped out of his head by Hannibal inserting his cock between his thighs.

Hannibal’s cock head glistened, dripping precum on to Will’s balls. The doctor pressed Will’s thighs together as he began to thrust back and forth.

The friction overwhelmed Will, causing heat to rise in his belly. Hannibal’s cock rubbed against his shaft, the larger man’s balls slapped against his taint. Hannibal’s smeared precum lubricated the movement. Will gasped for air, dizzy from lack of oxygen.

Hannibal paused as he noticed Will’s panting breath. “Do you need me to stop?”

“No, no, I just need a moment.”

Hannibal rested over Will, propped up on his elbows. He ran his knuckles over Will’s chest, then checked the nasal cannula, assuring that it was secure and supplying Will air. Will caught his breath, then squeezed his thighs, causing Hannibal to groan.

The doctor began to thrust again, the sound of skin slapping skin filling the room. Will's cock weeped and his thighs tingled. Heat filled Will's gut and clouded his mind, overriding every sensation.

Will laid back, sprawled out, as he came with a low sound. The doctor kept thrusting, turning pleasure to spiky overstimulation.

Hannibal pushed forward, bending Will completely in half as he came, trapping their cocks between them. He moved off the smaller man, leaving Will panting and drained. The doctor pressed a kiss to Will's sweaty forehead.

"We can do something more substantive later." He said.

Will grinned up at him, exhaustion hitting him like a truck, "I'll hold you to it."

---

"Breathe in for me and hold for ten seconds." Hannibal instructed, resting his hand on Will's chest.

Will obeyed, struggling to keep his breath while the doctor counted. At seven, Hannibal paused and lightly pressed, "Release."

Will let out the air, and panted, struggling to gather air. Hannibal leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Will's cheek, "Good job. You're able to breathe much deeper."

Will offered a small, shaking smile to the doctor. After they finished Will's breathing therapy, the doctor would see how long Will could hold his breath.

"You did so good, dear Will. I'm so proud of you." Something glimmered in Hannibal's eye as Will smiled under the praise.

The doctor moved the comforter off Will's legs, exposing the compression stockings he was wearing. Hannibal propped Will's feet into his lap and rubbed small circles into balls of his foot.

"How long do I need to wear these?"

"You'll have to wear them for another week or so, just to prevent blood clots post surgery." Hannibal responded, continuing his massage, "Are they too tight?

"No, they're okay. I just wanted to know." Will said.

They lapsed into silence. Will sunk into the pillows, savoring the doctor's touch.

Will hummed as Hannibal moved to his other foot, "Hey, did the Ripper ever complete his sounder?"

Hannibal paused for a second, "No, he never did."

Will blinked up at the doctor, “That’s odd. I mean, the Ripper doesn’t kill out of compulsion and I always thought he could break from his pattern, but I never expected him to do it.”

“Why do you think he stopped?”

“Oh, he didn’t stop, he just isn’t displaying his pigs. He’s likely still killing, but he’d hide his victims, stage their deaths like they occurred of natural consequences.”

Hannibal stroked Will’s calf, “You are brilliant, dear boy.”

“It’s just a theory,” Will said, pausing as he thought of the flower Jimmy found in one of the victim’s chest cavities, “D’you think it might have had to do with my illness? He made a tableau about how he wanted to steal something and placed a Sweet William in the corpse.”

Hannibal raised a single, invisible eyebrow, “I would not allow you to come to harm.”

“I know, still,” Will lifted himself up and wrapped his arms around the doctor, “thank you for keeping me safe here.”

Hannibal hugged Will back, careful not to squeeze him too hard, “Of course. I will *always* keep you safe.”

---

Will laid in bed, cum drying on his stomach, blissed out and pleased. He was sure Hannibal had a magic tongue, as there wasn’t any way a normal man could make Will cum twice just by eating him out.

He looked over and noticed that Hannibal’s phone had slipped out of his pocket. Will picked up the device, realizing as he tapped the power button, that he hadn’t seen his phone in months. He dismissed it as his memory just being faulty.

Across the screen flashed a voicemail from Alana. Will smiled, thinking of his friend, until he remembered how long it had been since he saw her. He missed her, he missed so much of his life. Will tapped the voicemail.

“Hello, Hannibal.” Her tone was stiff, almost frustrated, “I wanted to know how Will is doing. You said the fever made him incoherent, but I would like to talk to him regardless. Jack said Will sounded distressed when he called. Hannibal, something fishy is going on. You said Will isn’t contagious, but won’t let any of us see him. I want to know what is happening.” She sighed, “I’m sorry. I’m worried about him, and allowing that to turn into frustration, just, call me back when you can.”

Hannibal lifted the phone out of Will’s hand. Will startled, as he hadn’t noticed the man enter.

“Alana is simply being dramatic. You talked on the phone with her a few days ago.” Hannibal said, eyes steely.

“I don’t remember it-”

Hannibal interrupted Will, “You don’t remember many things. It is a symptom of your illness.”

Will nodded, wondering why the doctor was so stiff, “Yeah, I was going to say that. Can I call her again?”

“No.”

Will blinked up at Hannibal, startled by the firmness of his response. Hannibal sighed, humanity coming back to him like a motor starting up. He sat down, next to Will’s hips and cradled Will’s jaw with one hand, “She upset you badly last time you spoke. Alana was frustrated, believing that you hid your illness from her.” Hannibal rubbed his thumb over Will’s cheekbone, “She said it was your fault that you were in the hospital, and, dear Will, I cannot allow her to say things like that to you.”

Will’s heart hurt. Disappointment welled up in his throat, “Oh.” He sniffled, his lip trembling as he tried to force back tears. “First Jack, now Alana. I keep pissing everyone off.”

Hannibal scooped Will into his arms. The smaller man’s breath hitched and Will broke into sobs. Hot tears saturated Hannibal’s shirt, Will’s fingers gripped the fabric. Hannibal was solid under his grip, the only constant in Will’s life.

“Hush, dear lamb, I’m here. I am all you need.” Hannibal said, nearly purring as he pressed Will into his chest, as if he held hard enough, his skin would part and he could bring Will into himself.

---

“Hello, dear Will.” Hannibal said with a smile, gently waking Will from his nap, “How are you feeling?”

Will groaned, his chest still ached after Hannibal had removed his stitches earlier in the day, “I’ve been better.”

Hannibal smiled, “I wondered if you’d like to eat dinner downstairs with me?”

Will looked up with wide eyes, “I can do that?”

“You have recovered wonderfully after your surgery, and I feel you will benefit from a change of scenery.”

Will smiled at the doctor, giddy, and opened his arms. The other man hooked his arms under Will’s legs and chest, and carried him downstairs. Will had struggled to walk before his surgery, but after Hannibal barely let his feet touch the ground.

Confined to one room, it was easy to forget just how big Hannibal’s house was. Will craned his neck to marvel at the long hallways.

Hannibal placed Will at the head of the table, then smoothed out Will's nightgown. Will sat in the carved wooden chair while Hannibal left to go collect dinner. He squinted down the length of the mahogany table. The lights were so low it looked as if the table stretched on forever.

The doctor came back, carrying two plates. On each was several brazed pieces of meat, arranged in a fan with a green sauce.

"Seared lung and a basil white wine reduction." Hannibal said.

Will snorted, looking at the plate and then the doctor, "You think you're so funny, don't you?"

"I prefer to think of myself as clever." Hannibal replied, looking like a cat that had just knocked a carton of cream off the counter. "I acquired the lung the day of your pneumonectomy, but I saved it until you were able to come to the table."
Will had been terrified when the doctor had first told him that they'd needed to remove one of his lungs. He'd woken from anesthesia, disoriented and in pain. Hannibal had been near obsessive in his care, just as he'd always been throughout Will's illness.

"You would." Will rolled his eyes, showing Hannibal his gratitude through casual humor, "So what kind of lung is in this pie? Pig? Lamb?" he paused, lifting a fork of glittering meat with a grin, "Human?"

Hannibal smiled, "What if it was? Tell me, Will, what do you think of autocannibalism?"

Will quirked an eyebrow, "Are we pretending that this is my lung then?" Hannibal nodded. "Well, I suppose I don't think of it often, but it feels fitting. Taking the bad to feed the new. *If* this was my lung, it was removed because I didn't need it, I couldn't use it, and now it's nurturing the parts of me I do need. Like an Ouroboros in miniature."

"Some snakes eat their skin after shedding." Hannibal offered.

"Yeah, mothers turn their bodies into milk to feed their babies." Will took a bite, "This is fantastic."

Hannibal's head tilted appreciatively, "The mother and baby are separate entities."

"Are they really?" Will ate more of the lung, "I think you can love someone so much they become a part of you."

Hannibal hummed, fork half in his lips, the vibration of his mouth causing the tines to shake, "I have to agree."

They ate, enjoying the meal. Hannibal barely moved his eyes off of Will, a dreamy, content look on his face.

“How has a change of scenery been for you?”

“I’ve really enjoyed it. Can we have dinner here more often?”

“Of course,” Hannibal said, “Although, I have been considering a more drastic change in scenery. I recently bought a house on the beach and I am thinking of moving down there.”

Will’s insides seized, disappointment soaking his mind. This was the end of their little peace, Will thought. Hannibal had finally grown tired of him and wanted to leave. “Oh, I can move out then. I may need help looking for a live in nurse if I have to move back to Wolftrap-”

Hannibal silenced Will, grabbing his hand, “You are coming with me. I have already had duplicates of all your medical equipment bought and sent to my beach home. You will be going with me.”

Will blinked at the force of Hannibal’s words, then relaxed into his grip. Antlers flashed in Hannibal’s eyes, his familiar, possessive desire was a comfort to Will.

“I’d love that.” Will said, leaning over bumping his forehead against Hannibal’s.

---

After dinner, Hannibal carried Will back to their bedroom. He took Will into the ensuite bathroom when Hannibal’s phone began to ring.

Hannibal stroked Will’s shoulder as he looked at the screen, keeping it angled and out of Will’s view. “I must take this,” he said, “Please finish preparing for bed.”

Will nodded and began to brush his teeth.

After twenty minutes, Will had finished everything he needed to do and was growing incredibly bored. He leaned against a wall as he left the bathroom in search of his lover.

Will heard Hannibal outside the bedroom. He leaned around the corner, his brain feeling swollen in his skull, as the other man talked on the phone.

“While I understand that you are struggling with our loss, I will not disobey his wishes.” His voice was angry, tense, soaked in artificial sounding grief, “I apologize, Alana, his…” Hannibal paused, voice cracking, “his death has shattered me. Seeing his decline, how fast it all came on. We were all so powerless.” He paused, Alana on the other side of the line responding. Will was unable to hear her words, but he could hear her tone. She was distressed, sobbing. It rung in Will’s heart, empathy running wild.

Hannibal continued, “You are right, no one is at fault. One of his final wishes was for a closed coffin. He did not want anyone else to see how he had wasted away.”

Alana murmured on the other side of the phone.

“Thank you, I will tell you the date of the funeral as soon as I have it arranged.”

Hannibal hung up the phone and looked, catching Will around the corner. “Will?” He asked.

Will stepped out, “I wanted you to come to bed.”

Hannibal smiled, slipping his phone into his pocket, “Apologies for making you wait, allow me to change into my night clothes.”

Will gave him a weak smile back, “Who were you talking about on the phone? I hope you don’t mind that I overheard a bit.”

“Do not fear, dear Will, I was discussing the passing of a colleague. I have taken it on myself to arrange his funeral.”

“I’m sorry for your loss.”

Hannibal slipped a strong arm around Will’s back, guiding him, “While it was an extreme change, I try not to see it as a loss, but as an opportunity.”

Chapter End Notes

wow will your boyfriend is perfect aside from the poisoning and the cannibalism and the eating your lung thing.

thank u to everyone who comments AND to theo for beta reading sahadjfdk

it may be *slightly* longer between updates then normal bc im doing some fic/art trades on twitter so ill prolly be writing a few oneshots n all!

# Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The beach house was gorgeous. Pale blue and stark white, sitting a mere few feet from a private beach. It stood alone, a beautiful kingdom just for the two of them.

Will didn't think he could love a house more.

He stared at the house, smile wide, as he sat in the passenger seat of the car. They'd been driving for several hours now, and Will was excited to get his feet on solid ground again. While Hannibal had been soft and slow during his turns, the car still made Will queasy.

They'd left Hannibal's townhouse at three am, in a vehicle Will didn't recognize. Hannibal had already loaded up their belongings into boxes while Will slept. He'd attempted to carry Will out to the car as well, but he awoke as Hannibal brought him down the stairs.

Will startled a little as Hannibal opened the car door, quickly scooping him up, "Hey, I thought you said we were going to let me walk once we got here!"

Hannibal hummed as he walked, Will throwing his arms around his neck, "I did agree to that, although you must allow me to carry you over the threshold."

"I'm not your bride." Will remembered, shoving Hannibal's shoulder lightly.

"Why are you not?"

Will tsked, "First of all, you haven't proposed yet."

"I'll have to rectify that soon." A blush ruptured across Will's face as Hannibal pressed a kiss to his lips.

Will was focused on slipping his tongue between Hannibal's lips, but he jerked back as he heard a bark. He looked over with a gasp as all seven of his dogs raced towards them.

His head flew back to Hannibal, smile dominating his face, "Did you-?"

"It was one of the reasons I moved out here, yes. They have been trained with an electric fence so they can roam free." Hannibal sat Will onto a piano bench. Will was surrounded by fur and wagging tails.

Hannibal leaned against the cover of the piano, watching Will with a fond look on his face.

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Hannibal had guided Will throughout the house, much to his delight. He gifted Will a cane made of polished wood and held Will's elbow as he took his several shaky steps.

Hannibal led them through the house, showing off every room and giving a thorough tour. The house was gorgeous, a blend of his own and Hannibal's tastes. The white wicker furniture was graceful enough for Hannibal, but reminded Will of his childhood in the South.

Hannibal showed Will to their bedroom, with a large, plush bed and floor to ceiling windows. Will rested on the bed, giving his exhausted legs a break, and savoring the sun on his face.

The doctor took the time to open the closet and re-arrange a few of his suits. Will leaned back and noticed that half of the closet was filled with white.

"What's that?"

Hannibal pulled one of the hangars out, revealing a white, linen dress. "They zip up in the back." He said, as if that explained why the dress and twenty others like it were in their closet.

"Why do we have them, and where are my clothes?"

"These are your clothes." Will peered up at Hannibal, confused, until the taller man continued, "You have mostly worn night shirts and robes while in my care, these will allow you more movement. They also can be removed easily in case you vomit and get any on the clothes."

Will's shoulders hunched, imagining how difficult and awkward it must have been for Hannibal to wrestle him out of other clothes when he'd passed out, "I can try that."

Hannibal smiled and Will returned it.

Will stood up, and removed his long night shirt. He looked at Hannibal, then pulled on the arms of the dress. Hannibal zipped it up, sealing him in.

It was soft on Will's skin, with a tighter bodice and a slightly flared skirt that rested on Will's mid thigh.

Hannibal smoothed the skirt over Will's legs. Will could feel the contentment pouring off Hannibal in waves as the other man pressed a kiss to Will's clean shaven cheeks.

---

Will's chest heaved, his breath strained against his lungs. His muscles screamed as he tried to move the cardboard box full of Hannibal's belongings.

Hannibal lifted the box from his grasp with one hand, shifting it onto his hip. Will slumped down, sweat dripping down his temples.

"Please, dear Will, do not strain yourself." Hannibal said.

Will sighed, nodding as Hannibal continued to move boxes. He knew that after his pneumonectomy he'd be physically limited, but he hadn't expected it to be this bad. The combination of almost a year of bedrest and losing one of his lungs had rendered Will

incredibly weak. Now, Will could barely carry a thirty pound box from the car to their new house.

“I just want to be able to help.”

Hannibal hummed, carrying three boxes, “What if you play the piano for us while I unpack?”

Will raised an eyebrow, feeling a little like he was being coddled, yet placed his hands over the keys. He began to play *Chopsticks*, much to Hannibal’s chagrin. Hannibal turned, staring Will down until the smaller man giggled and began to play *Nocturne for piano in C sharp minor*.

Hannibal smiled and began to work his way through the other few boxes.

With the few items they brought scattered around the house, it truly felt like home. Will couldn’t be happier.

Their home was perfect.

---

Their home was a nightmare. It was awful. It was hellish.

Will loved almost all of it. He adores the location, the furniture, the decorations, and the man inside it. He cherished the time he could spend with his dogs.

But there was a wine stain. An atrocious, irritating, ever present wine stain, sitting on the bedroom carpet.

Hannibal had bought the house and had clearly not had the time to deep clean it before they moved in. After months of living in Hannibal’s perfectly manicured home had spoiled him. Now, the blood red wine stain on their carpet burned in Will’s mind. A constant irritant as he spent most of his days ensconced in bed, staring at it.

He had to get rid of it.

Will grabbed his cane and headed downstairs. It was the first time he left his room without Hannibal. Nerves cascaded down his spine as he neared the doorway. He’d been out of his room before, it was fine.

His legs shook as he placed his cane over the threshold. For the wine stain, he thought, pushing himself forward.

Will stepped outside, then had to lean his back against the wall to catch his breath. He’d done it. Excitement blossomed in his throat, *he’d done it!*

He made his way downstairs then began to search for any cleaning products he could find. He was brought back to his childhood and one of his first jobs. He’d worked with a woman who cleaned houses professionally. He’d only been sixteen at the time, but he picked up the work quickly and accepted payment under the table. It wasn’t great, but it kept him and his

dad afloat when Will couldn't work on boats. Will would work for hours with harsh chemicals, removing god knows what for god knows who.

It had left him tired, and he ended up burning off one of his fingerprints, but he'd learned how to deal with any stain.

He brought dish soap, vinegar, a sponge, and a bowl of warm water upstairs. He moved each slowly, in multiple trips, nearly spilling the water as his hands shook.

Will sponged the stain, working in and out of it until he began to lose sense of time. The repetitive motion soothed him, and filled his mind. It took so little to fill his mind nowadays.

"Hello Will." Hannibal said, from the doorway.

Will looked up, almost knocking over the bowl, "Hannibal, hello!"

"I hope I didn't startle you."

"No, no, not at all." Will assured, smiling up at Hannibal, "Here look, I got the stain out!"

"The stain?"

"The wine stain that's been here for ages. I needed something to do and I wanted it gone, so," Will gestured to the clean carpet, "Look!"

Hannibal ruffled Will's hair from where the smaller man sat on the carpet, "Good job, I'm proud of you."

Will practically beamed.

"Would you like more little tasks to do while I am away?" Hannibal asked, surprised by how fast Will nodded.

Hannibal bent down and lifted Will by his armpits, setting him on the bed, "Wonderful, I'll draw up a list. I'll be sure to keep them small so you won't get worn out."

Will jolted up and kissed Hannibal, "I'm also ready to take my medicine. Actually," Will gestured to a glass of his water by his bedside, "I mixed it myself. Two drops, just like you always add."

Hannibal considered it, "How cute." He picked up the glass, "But you should allow me to make up your medicine."

---

"Relax, dear boy."

Will exhaled, forcing his muscles to release as Hannibal inserted the lubricated tip of the douche into his asshole.

“Good job.” Hannibal said, petting Will’s tailbone as he squeezed the rubber bulb, filing Will with lukewarm water.

Will rested his forehead on the cool tile of the tub he was bent over. Hannibal kept pressing, as if he was testing Will’s limits, seeing how much water he could stuff the smaller man with.

Sweat beaded Will’s brow as his guts ached. His breath grew heavy. Hannibal pulled out the tip and stroked the side of his hip, “Hold for a moment.”

Will nodded and clenched, grunting as the water sloshed.

Hannibal put away the equipment and watched Will struggle. His eyes were wide, drinking all of it in. He then gently moved Will over to the toilet.

“Now release.” He pressed a kiss to Will’s sweaty hairline, “Once you finish cleaning yourself, come to the bedroom.”

Will nodded, shaky, yet excited.

Once Will had finished cleaning and emptying himself, he made his way to the bed. He laid down, next to Hannibal, biting his lip.

“You understand what you are to do, correct?” Hannibal asked.

Will nodded, only for his head to be stopped by Hannibal’s hand, “Tell me.” He said.

“I-I am not to move a muscle unless it is to say my safeword.”

“Which is?”

“Tobacco.”

“Good boy.” Hannibal said, kissing Will’s lax lips. His hands danced over Will like spider legs, cool fingertips caressing every inch.

He reached over and picked up an ice cube. Hannibal dragged it around Will’s nipple, leaving a trail of freezing water.

Will shivered, causing Hannibal to immediately pull back, “Will, what are you to do?” He asked, rhetorically, his tone as cold as the ice.

“Sorry, sorry.” Will said.

Hannibal relented, dragging the melting ice across the small bump of Will’s stomach. Almost a year of bedrest and Hannibal’s delightful food had destroyed Will’s waistline, turning his entire body soft. It felt like all the muscle he’d lost from atrophy had been replaced with chub.

Hannibal leaned down and bit Will's gut, teasing the flesh between his teeth as he pulled the ice cube against Will's soft underbelly.

The taller man encircled Will's cock with the ice, sliding it up to the sensitive tip. Will clenched his muscles, forcing himself not to react. Hannibal ran the ice further down, until he was pressing it against Will's hole.

Hannibal removed the ice cube, and placed it between his tongue and his top teeth. He then returned to Will's hole, pressing in.

The sensation nearly made Will gasp, the heat of Hannibal's tongue and the frigid ice cube catching on his insides. Will bit the inside of his cheeks to keep from making a sound and Hannibal fucked in and out of him.

The doctor nailed Will's prostate with the melted edge of the ice cube, sending shockwaves up Will's spine. His thighs twitched, every muscle singing as Will tried, frantically to keep still.

Hannibal surged forward, pushing the ice deep into Will with his tongue. Will's balls drew tight and he came over his stomach.

"You did so good for me." Hannibal affirmed, swiping his hands through the cum on Will's gut and licking it.

He left the ice cube inside Will, its melting trail leaking out of his hole, as Hannibal jacked off. He splattered his own cum over Will's face and neck, "Good boy, my sweet, good boy."

---

"Will, do you love me?"

Will groaned, squinting as his eyes opened to the darkness of the night. It must have been two am; storm clouds covered even the hint of stars. Hannibal's head rested on his breast, "Of course I do."

"Truly?"

"Yes."

Hannibal stilled, and Will relaxed.

"If you had to do something awful for my own good, would you?" Guilt uncharacteristically filled his tone.

Will paused, considering, "Is something wrong?"

"Would you? If it was awful but necessary?"

"Hannibal, is there something you'd like to tell me?"

“Please, Will.”

Will paused, “Yeah, I would. I’ve done terrible things to protect those I care about much less. I shot a man for a teen girl I’d seen for a few minutes. I’d do atrocious things for you.”

Hannibal nodded against Will’s chest, tone fearful, “But only if it was necessary?”

Will’s hand came to rest on the back of Hannibal’s neck, his answer surprising even himself, “No, even if it wasn’t.”

---

Will blinked into awareness in Hannibal’s arms. He turned and pressed a kiss to the taller man’s jawline, noticing that he was already awake.

“I hope I didn’t keep you in bed by laying on your arms.”

Hannibal snuggled him closer, “Never, it is always a pleasure to have you.”

Will smiled, then glanced down, noticing something sparkling on his hand. He raised it, noticing there was a gold band with a large, glittering diamond on it. It reminded Will of the jewelry his mother asked his father for, the rings she always said she wanted.

Hannibal picked up his hand and kissed the gem.

“What is this?”

Hannibal leaned over Will, questioning look on his face, “It’s our wedding ring.”

“Wedding ring?”

“Yes, why wouldn’t-” Hannibal paused, cutting himself off in a way that was almost artificial, “Dear Will, is your memory acting up?”

“I-I don’t know.”

“What is today’s date?” Hannibal said, petting Will’s hair to sooth him.

“It’s Wednesday, December of 2013.”

“Oh, sweet lamb, that was over two years ago.”

“What?” Will exclaimed, distress causing him to jerk away from Hannibal. The doctor’s muscles tightened and kept Will in place. He went lax in the hold, instinctively knowing that Hannibal, his husband, had him. “You’re going to make it okay, right?”

Hannibal pulled the smaller man to his chest, “Of course, I always do.”

---

Will's skin was clammy, his throat ached. He'd woken up that morning vomiting, and overhearing Hannibal reschedule with his patients.

His husband returned with a cloth and a bowl of cool water. He began to wipe down Will's brow, removing any trace of sweat. It felt almost as odd to call Hannibal 'his husband' as it did right.

"Can you tell me about our married life?" Will asked. Will felt the gap in his life like a hole in his chest.

"What would you like to know?" Hannibal asked, cleaning Will's face.

"Who proposed?"

Hannibal watched him, eyes calculating, "You did. You brought me out to the beach at sunset and called out the dogs. Each animal was wearing one of my ties around their necks. I was almost furious, until I turned and saw you." Hannibal paused, looking wistful, "You were a vision, the second most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, on your knee. I said yes instantly."

Will grinned at his husband, "What was our wedding like?"

Hannibal wrinkled his nose, "You called me a bridezilla." Will laughed, "But, I needed everything to be perfect for you. It was a small ceremony on the beach, but everything was covered in white. Camellias, baby's breath, tulips, lilies, and magnolias everywhere. All the guests and I wore pure white suits."

"How was I dressed?"

Hannibal sighed, a dreamy look on his face, "You had a white gown, made of lace, pearls, and silk. You carried a bright red bouquet of roses, blood on the snow." He placed a kiss on the tip of Will's nose, "You were the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"Who all was there?"

"A few friends of mine from the opera along with a dog walker who you'd taken a liking to. It was a small celebration."

"Did Alana come?"

"No. She is no longer a part of our lives. She…" Hannibal stopped, as if the words were painful, "She thought our love was manipulation. She believed that I was taking advantage of you, baiting you into something you didn't really want."

Will reached up and grasped his husband's face, "No, Hannibal, I love you." Hannibal nuzzled Will's palm, "I know I love you. I can't believe she'd say something so cruel."

“Neither could I, but her sense of justice has a tendency to blind her.” Hannibal sighed, “Just lay back and focus on feeling better, dear Will.”

---

Every morning, before Hannibal left for work, he’d write up a list of tasks for Will, much to the smaller man’s delight.

He’d wash the floors or the counters or treat the silverware with a smile on his face. He’d sit, lightly kicking his legs, polishing Hannibal’s crystal glasses.

Often, the list would be long enough that he wouldn’t be able to finish it before Hannibal got home. His beloved husband would sit in an overstuffed armchair and watch.

Will had taken to cleaning the floors last, he enjoyed scrubbing the floors on his hands and knees, ass in his air. He bit his lip as his cock hardened, his husband’s gaze on his uncovered thighs. Will had also begun to adjust his dresses so the waistband rested a few inches above where it normally sat, leading to the skirts revealing several more inches of pale skin.

Will moved his sponge in circular motions, wagging his hips back and forward, putting on a show for Hannibal, when he found an odd divet on the floor. He stared at it, then slid his finger across it. It formed a square, with a slight indent where a latch might be. It looked like a trap door, inlaid in their hardwood.

Hannibal loomed behind him.

Will hummed and decided to ignore it. He’d talk to Hannibal about getting the floors redone later. He continued to scrub and his husband went back to his seat, content to watch Will work.

---

The antler monster ran its hands through Will’s hair, sorting through curls with razor sharp claws.

In one hand, it cradled Will’s skull, in the other, the head of a faceless human-thing. Its features were indistinct, blurry around the edges. It was whimpering, although Will couldn’t understand why, the antler creature had never been anything other than kind to him.

The creature flexed its fingers and set claws shredding through the faceless skull. Blood splattered over Will, causing him to huff. The creature dumped the body and carefully wiped the blood off Will’s face. Will really had no idea why the faceless thing was so scared, the antler creature was so kind.

Screaming ruptured from the forest, spilling out and surrounding them.

---

Will awoke with a start. The bed was unusually cold and empty. He sat up just in time to see the door slowly open, revealing his husband

Will noticed blood, splattered across the back of Hannibal's hand, "Are you hurt?"

Hannibal reached with his other hand and gripped the back of Will's neck, "No." He paused, as if preparing for an argument.

Will pulled the hand to his chest and cuddled closer to his husband, "Okay, d'you mind holding me? It's cold out."

If Hannibal said he wasn't hurt, then he wasn't hurt, and as long as Hannibal wasn't hurt, Will didn't need to worry about it.

Chapter End Notes

this fic is so cute if you ignore all the gaslighting and poisoning and cannibalism and lying. if you just. ignore all of this, its such a cute, fluffy fic!

also. the reason hannibal gaslight will about being married is bc he was too nervous to actually propose. he couldnt think of a way to do it that would be Good Enough for will, so he just decided to skip to the good part and lie about it. will is legally dead, so it doesnt matter if theyre actually married or will just thinks they are

also also! i am SO sorry if you commented on your fic, i replied, and then deleted my reply. i ended up making a new ao3 so i can take these fics off private and had to wipe any replies that would have had my old account name on em. im currently dealing w a bit of a stalker ex, and if she found my username on my fics shed give me hell about it. :-P im just trying to post w/o getting harassed for it lol!

thanks again for all the comments, kudos and everyting else!! it means the world. also, thanks to theo, my beta reader

# Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke up to warmth and fullness, to his husband's hands all over his chest and shoulders. Slow, comfortable thrusts filled him. He smiled, slowly opening his eyes to see his husband laying over him.

Hannibal bit his collarbone, lavishing the flesh with his tongue. He ground his cock into Will, the pressure on his prostate sending sparks up his spine.

Will felt blissed out and loose, noticing that he'd cum in his sleep. Hannibal silently thrust all the way into Will, hips pressing into Will's ass, as he came.

"That's one of my favorite ways you wake me up. Second only to breakfast in bed." Will said, voice weighted by sleep, as Hannibal pulled out.

Hannibal held a hand to his chest in mock-drama, "You prefer french toast to my love making abilities?"

Will hummed, pretending to consider the choice, "Only if it's *your* french toast."

"A small comfort. Nonetheless, you must allow me to rectify this error." Hannibal leaned forward and pressed a kiss between Will's eyebrows, "Please attempt to go back to sleep."

"What? Hannibal, you don't need to-" Hannibal practically bounced out the door, heading straight towards the kitchen. Will laughed, thinking about just how ridiculous his husband was.

Will sighed, stroking his wedding ring with his thumb. His beloved, ridiculous, husband. Every inch of the ring was warm, as Hannibal had taken to holding Will's hand when they slept. He'd pet the band, covering Will's hand with reverence.

Hannibal rentered with a lavish tray. Fluffy, fat slices of fresh toast, dusted with powdered sugar and fresh, whipped cream. He sat the tray in Will's lap, then began to slice through the food with a fork and knife.

He brought the bite to Will's lips, feeding him, bit by bit.

---

Will stared in the mirror, pressing his fingers into the flesh of his hips. His lips pursed as he pinched his ass. His husband stood behind him, pulling on his button down shirt.

"Hannibal," Will said, causing the taller man's head to turn, "I think I'm getting fat."

Hannibal came over and placed his broad, warm hands over Will's hips, "I do enjoy keeping you fed and cared for." Will's eyebrows raised as Hannibal reached down and squeezed his plush thighs, "I must say I enjoy the fruits of my labor."

"The fruits of your labor?" Will asked, incredulous.

"Yes," Hannibal hummed, gently pressing Will down onto the bed, manipulating him with kind hand until he was laying on his stomach, "the fruits of my labor," he lightly smacked Will's ass and watched it jiggle, "especially this peach."

Will groaned and buried his face in the pillows, "That was awful, even for you."

Hannibal grinned into the pump flesh, biting and groping until he decorated the skin with bruises. He grabbed a tube of lube and spread Will's cheeks, tugging out the wide, metal plug that had kept him stretched. Hannibal squeezed the lube directly onto Will's winking hole. His husband plunged three fingers into Will, forcing a moan out of him.

"Don't you have work?" Will asked as he thrust back onto his husband's hand.

"Nothing more important than this, than you." He said, spreading his fingers.

The stretch burned, exploring every inch of Will's hole. He already ached from being fucked twice last night and once in the morning to wake him up.

Cum oozed around the cold lube and warm fingers from all the other times Hannibal had filled him. Hannibal circled his fingers around Will's prostate, just enough to tease him.

Hannibal thrust in and out, just touching Will's hole with his fingertips, to knuckle deep. The entire time his eyes couldn't leave Will's bouncing thighs and ass, shaking with the movement.

"I shall endeavor to feed you more if these are the delicious results." Hannibal said, adding a fourth finger into Will.

"You-" Will was cut off by a jab to his prostate, pleasure boiling in his guts.

Hannibal grinded against Will's soft thigh, his cock weeping in his slacks. He took pleasure in those pillow-like thighs. Will made a high, breathy sound as Hannibal nailed his prostate.

"I think I'd like to fuck your thighs again." Hannibal said finger fucking Will so intensely that the smaller man's brain had turned to mush. He got a strained moan in reply.

"How sweet," Hannibal cooed, "you're so good for me, so pliant to all I need. You'd let me have anything, wouldn't you?" Hannibal stilled his fingers.

Will pitifully cried, weakly thrusting his hips as he rode out his orgasm.

"You'd let me do anything to you, you'd let me eat you whole." Hannibal said, starting his assault again, finger fucking Will into overstimulation.

Pleasure turned to pain, the warmth of arousal turning to a sharp burn. “Can you cum again for me, darling?” Hannibal asked.

He continued spreading and stretching Will until he came a second time, shuttering into an overwhelming orgasm. He slumped, boneless and suffocated by pleasure. His breath strained as his worn cock pressed into the duvet.

Hannibal picked up the stainless steel plug. It was three inches in diameter, flared at the base and rounded at the tip. Will glanced at it, knowing it was the perfect size to keep him filled all day. Hannibal had gifted him the plug after watching him stick his ass in the air cleaning.

Hannibal pulled his fingers out, unzipping his pants, and shoving down his boxers. He held his cockhead over Will’s gaping ass, dripping precum on to and inside his hole.

He stroked himself twice, then came, squirting ropes across Will’s fat ass and thighs. He then twisted the plug back into Will, causing him to moan. Hannibal put himself away, then smacked Will’s ass hard enough to leave a handprint. Will groaned.

“Perhaps you should stay like that, so I can have you again when I get back from work.” Hannibal suggested as he turned away, picking out a tie, and continuing to get dressed.

---

Will stared at the calendar. It was small and drenched in Hannibal’s handwriting. Dates were crossed off and almost meaningless messages occupied the boxes. He’d found it in the back of the cabinet that held vials of his medicine.

‘Add .05 grams melatonin to mix’, ‘Test corticosteroids and effect on muscle atrophy’ and, ‘Add cephaelis ipecacuanha today’ all written in Hannibal’s neat scrawl.

Worst of all, the calendar wore the *wrong* date.

It read out 2014, January. Which wasn’t *right*. It was 2016, December.

It wasn’t right. Will’s heart thumped, pounding inside his chest. Will shoved the calendar back into the cabinet. He slammed the door closed and curled up on the outside.

Will clutched his head as it ached, feeling as if the world was falling apart under his feet. It wasn’t *right*.

He needed Hannibal, he needed his husband. Will shot up, his vision spinning. He scrambled, searching for a phone. Why didn’t they have a phone, he desperately wondered.

There was no way to contact Hannibal in the entire house, no phone, no computer, nothing. Will tore through the house, looking for anything and finding nothing.

He sobbed, aching for comfort. He grabbed a suit jacket that Hannibal had worn the day before and buried his face in it. Will rocked back and forth, curled into a small ball in the closet, surrounding himself by his husband’s scent.

Hours later, when Will's tears had dried, he crawled out on his hands and knees. Will shook his head, gathering himself, deciding that the calendar wasn't worth it. He lifted himself up and went back to his chores, he only barely remembered what he was upset about anyway.

---

When Hannibal came home that day, it was to the sound of joyful barking and a piano playing.

Will was sitting on the piano bench, playing for an audience of excited dogs, scrambling around his feet. He laughed as his husband hugged him from the back, turning and pressing a kiss to Hannibal's cheek.

Hannibal sat behind Will, his thighs bracketing the smaller man's, and placed his hands on the piano. He tapped out a few notes, causing Will to play a matching set. Their fingers danced against one another, drawing out a little duet.

Hannibal ended their song by sweeping Will up onto his feet, causing his dress to flare. He grabbed one of Will's hands and wrapped his other arm around Will's waste, spinning them in a dance.

Will laughed, burying his face in his husband's chest as they twirled around the room. Then, Will felt a wave of nausea crash into him.

Hannibal noticed how pale his husband turned and sat down in an overstuffed armchair, depositing Will into his lap.

Will steadied himself, panting into Hannibal's neck, "I'm sorry."

"Why do you apologize, Dear Will?"

"I'm sorry I can't dance. I'm sorry I can't go jogging with you in the mornings, I'm sorry I can't do so many things with you."

"Dear Will, I love you as you are. For all you can and cannot do. I love all of you." He said, combing his hands through Will's long curls.

Will smiled, lightning biting Hannibal's neck, "I love you too, you ridiculous man."

Hannibal kissed the crown of Will's head and clutched him close, allowing the two of them to rest in a comfortable silence.

Something collided with the door, the bang echoing through the peaceful beach house. Will's head whipped around as Hannibal's fingers dug into his shoulders. The dogs howled and screamed at the intruders.

"FBI, open up!" someone shouted from outside. Another bang ran through the house, so loud it shook the foundations.

Hannibal ripped Will up, off the seat, dragging him into the kitchen.

“W-what’s going on?” Will asked as Hannibal clawed at the floor, unveiling a trapdoor, previously hidden.

Hannibal grabbed Will’s arm and nearly tossed him down, “Go. Hide down there, I’ll get you once it's safe.”

“Wha-”

“*Will, go!*”

Will obeyed, wide eyed and terrified, climbing down the ladder as Hannibal shut the trapdoor.

He descended into the bowels of the house, a loud crash and series of bangs emanating from the upstairs. Will’s palms sweated, fear filling him. He assured himself that Hannibal was safe. Whatever was going on, Hannibal would fix it. He always fixed it.

Will fumbled in the near darkness, hand finding a lightswitch. He turned it on, illuminating the room with buzzing, artificial light.

His breath caught in his throat. The room was large, with brick walls and a concrete floor. It was barren, aside from a large freezer and an operating table. Sitting on the table were three razor sharp scalpels. Will picked one up, watching it shine in the light. He’d need to ask Hannibal what this room was for.

Will headed to the freezer, caressing the handle. He pulled it open, revealing row upon row of wrapped meat. He bent down to look at an obscured row of flesh, then fell back, choking down a scream as he made eye contact with a disembodied head.

He needed Hannibal, he needed Hannibal, *now*. He’d explain, he’d make it all make sense. He’d make it go away. Will wanted all of it to go away.

He curled into a ball, looking anywhere but the fridge, terrified and shaking.

A cacophonous bang shook Will’s bones, causing him to pull himself tighter.

“Will,” A voice called out, a voice Will recognized. He looked up to see Jack, wounded and bleeding, “You’re alive?”

Will scrambled to his feet, pressing his back to the wall. Why wasn’t Hannibal here, he desperately thought.

“We’d thought you’d died. Hannibal held a funeral for you. Once we began to suspect he was the Ripper, we dug up the coffin to find it empty, but we thought he’d eaten you.”

Will’s head hung, nearly lifeless as he slumped against the wall. Jack grabbed onto Will’s upper arms, hauling him back towards the center of the room.

“Will, you’ve been missing for nearly eight months now-”

“Eight months?” Will asked, voice low and drawn, “Its- Hannibal and I have been living together for years.”

“He must be messing with your sense of time, along with everything else he’s done to you.” Will’s fingers twitched as his hip bumped the operating table. “Don’t worry,” Jack continued, “Once Hannibal is-”

“What are you going to do to my husband?”

The scalpels on the table gleamed, Jack’s nails bit into Will’s skin.

“Husband? Will, listen to yourself-”

Will’s hand shot out, curling around the scalpel and stabbing it into Jack’s throat. The room went silent, Jack’s eyes wide as he stared. He gurgled around the gushing blood before slumping to the floor.

Will stood over his victim, breath hurried, hands shaking as he clutched the scalpel.

He needed Hannibal. He needed to go find Hannibal.

---

The trap door was already open when Will began his ascent back into the house. Jack’s blood burned where it had sprayed on his skin.

He stood in the kitchen, eight FBI agents lay dead, scattered across the floor. Every inch of the hardwood was red. Hannibal stood, back to Will, white shirt covered in blood.

“Hannibal, whatever happened to that lamb you used to watch?” Will asked, rupturing the silence.

“I took it,” Hannibal said, ruby red blood dripping off the scalpel at his side, “to keep it safe. I did what I had to in order to keep it safe. I took it, in order to take care of it.”

“Did it understand what you did to it?”

“No, it's for the best if it doesn't know. The lamb would do something impulsive, something stupid, and get itself hurt.” Hannibal turned, slowly, eyes glinting like a hawk’s.

The buried cogs in the back of Will’s mind began to turn. He began to piece together everything. Hannibal starred as they both became aware of Will’s revelation.

Hannibal says nothing as Will held the small bottle to the light, watching the clear liquid slosh back and forth.

“How much of this would it take to kill me?” Will asked.

“If you are going to attempt suicide, it will not work. The medicine is non lethal, the worst you could do would be make yourself very ill. I have decided you will not die.”

“Why do this to me?”

“You're too reckless. You would burn yourself out and die if I left you.”

Hannibal loomed, standing in the way of every exit. Will couldn’t outrun him anyway.

“You made me weak.”

“I made it harder for you to run. I removed your lung and gave you drugs to accelerate muscle atrophy.”

“This isn't the first time I've figured it all out, isn't it.” Will said, “You’re too calm for this to be the first time.” Will paused, “How many times have I figured out that you’re poisoning me?”

“Thirteen, fourteen if we count the current moment.”

Ice ran through Will’s veins, “Why don’t I remember?”

Hannibal’s eyes never left Will as the smaller man bent and picked up a bottle of medicine from the counter, “When you find out, a little extra medicine and psychic driving wipes it all away. It’s as if it never happened.”

Will met Hannibal’s eyes, empathy revealing everything, “But you're worried,” Hannibal’s shoulders tensed, “under all that calm you’re worried. I've been figuring it out more frequently, with less time in between. You're worried that your peace is fracturing, that your methods don’t work anymore.”

Hannibal slunk closer, animalistic and inhuman. He stood, at the other end of the counter, staring Will down, eyes cold and calculating.

Will stared at his husband and unscrewed the top of the bottle. He lifted it, and drained it, bitter liquid coating his throat, “Come here and take care of me.”

Chapter End Notes

>:-))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))

i hope yall enjoyed the fic!! all the comments and kudos really made me smile! :-D

if yall want more of my work, consider checking out the other stuff in my porn collection! or if you want more creepy hannibal, but in a sfw fic, try my dumbass highschool au!

End Notes

heyyyy. its ya boy. dylan with the fics.

i hope yall enjoy this one!! its been so much fun to write

title from pure heat by the mountain goats

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!